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Watty's Travels to Carslile, in Search of A PLACE.

To which are added.

WILL YE GO to the TROSACHS.

Blue Bonnets over the Border.

Down the Burn Davie.

PAISLEY:
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1826

Watty's Travels To Carlisle In Search of a Place.

Gin ye ask where I come frae, I come frae Fellside,
Whar Father and Mither and honest folks bide,
My sweetheart, gude bless her, she thought nane
like me,
When we parted, the very tear gush'd frae her e'e.

(Spoken.)—Farewee!, Watty, for I'll ne'er see ye mair—hout, quo' I, woman, ye need na gowl that way.

For maybe or lang, I'll be maister mysel',
So we parted, and I took the last look o' the Fell.

O'er my shouther my bundle I scarcely had flung,
When Colly, puir fallow, he after me sprung,
The puir doited creature, he fawned at my fit,
As if to say, Watty, we maunna part yet.

Then at Carlisle I stood wi' a strae in my mouth,
Nae doubt they took me for a promising youth.

(Spoken.)—A' the wives came rinning round me in clusters, saying, What wages d' ye ask, canny lad?—What wages do I ask, says I; Twa Pound and a Crown: I winna bate a hair o' my beard down o't.—What can you do? says anither. Do, quo' I, Dod I can saw, maw, plough, dig, muck a byre, sing a Psalm o' David, dance a hornpipe, nick a mare's tale, ca' the kirn, hunt a brock, or fight ony ane o' my weight in a' Craigleton Parish.

There, an auld bearded cummer, she ca'd me her man!
I may say from that day all my sorrows began.

First Colly, pu'd fallow, they hanged in the street,
Syne skin'd him and tann'd it for shoon to their feet;
I cried, but they ca'd me a half-witted clown,
And they banter'd me sair, sair up and down.
Next my mistress and me, we ne'er could gree weel,
For her hard frosty looks would ha'e frighted the deil.

(Spoken.)—For she had a beard, by a the world it minded me o' a billy goat, wi' a kail dried frosty face—Na, the smallest leg o' mutton in a Carlisle market would hae sair'd her, the cat, and me, for a week; Dod, the very fo'k said we were turnen odious. The weans would hae come to the door, and made sic a noise, it might hae waken'd a corp; I would hae gaen to the door and open'd it to them, but they would hae cast stour in my een, and cried, Daft Watty, daft Watty; when I saw that,

I packt up my claes, when my quarter was out,
Wi' my wage in my pocket I saunter'd about.
My left han' breek pocket they pickt in a fray,
And my fifteen white Shillings they stole quite away,
Besides my twa letters frae Mither and Nan;
Says the Carlisle lassies, We'll Watty trapan.

(Spoken.)—Twa forgers comes up to me, and says, Watty, will ye sign your name? Faith, says I, ye've gotten the wrang sow by the lug: for, Lord! I canna write. Then a braw fallow comes up to

me, and says, Watty, will ye list? We'll either mak' ye a General or a Gomeral. A General or a Gomeral! na, faith says I, I'll be nane o' them: I'll rather wear a coat o' my Mither's ain spinnin' yet.

And wi' my twa groats and twapence I'll toddle hame,
And I'll ne'er be a soger while Watty's my name.

How my Father will goul, and my Mither will stare,
When I tell them poor Colly they'll never see mair!
They'll han' me a stool; as for Nan, she'll be fain,
In hopes ne'er to part wi' her Watty again.

For the barn, the Lyre, and the auld hallow tree,
Will a' seem as cronies wham fidgin' to see.

(Spoken.)—But the sheep 'll no ken Watty's voice now. And for the auld peat stack we micht ran about, it will a' be burnt down by this time: and as for Nanny, poor thing! she'll be married or broken-hearted. But if a' was at Craigleton as I would ha'et, they'll be sic eatin' and drinkin', snuffin', loupin', jumpin', and dancin', and singin', till a' be blue about us.

Then amang my auld frien's sic won'ers I'll tell;
Sae I'll awa hame, and I'll near leave the Fell.

WILL YE GO TO THE TROSACHS.

ORIGINAL.

TUNE.—*Will ye go to the Ewe Bughts, Marion.*

Will ye go to the Trosachs, my Mary,
And sail 'cross Loch Katrine sae blue,
There nature's wild grandeur, my Mary,
Is seen from the tall Ben Venue?
Sublime is the scene, when at morning,
The sun smiles on new born day
Dispelling the mists and adorning
The lofty Ben Ann with his ray.

The doe leaves his leaf cover'd dwelling
The glens and the mountains to roam,
The huntsman his bugle is swelling,
When leaving at morning his home.
When the sun, rising high in his glory,
Sheds lustre and brightness sublime,
We'll wander 'mid rocks wild and hoary,
Nor think on the swiftness of time.

Ere the shades of the ev'ning approach us,
Again to the mountains we'll stray,
And there on the lofty Ben Ledie,
Bid adieu to the glories of day.
Come then to the Trosachs, my Mary,
And sail on Loch Katrine wi' me:
The scenes are delightful, my Mary,
But more so enliven'd by thee.

Blue Bonnets Over The Border.

March, Teviotdale, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
Why should ye not march forward in order?
March, Annandale, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
A' the blue bonnets are bound for the Border.

Many a banner spread,
Flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story,
Mount, and make ready then,
Sons of the mountain glen,
Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish glory!

March, march, Sons of Dumfries-shire,
Wigton and Galloway march in good order;
March, march, Nithsdale and Annandale,
A' the blue bonnets are bound for the Border.
Claymores are drawing now,
Scotia's sons bend the bow;
Stand to your arms then, and march in good order;
March every Scottish clan,
Tell ilka Southeran
That the blue bonnets are over the Border.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
Trumpets are sounding,
War-steeds are bounding,
Stand to your arms then, and march in good order;
England shall many a day
Tell of the bloody fray,
When the blue bonnets came over the Border.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

DOWN THE BURN DAVIE.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh,d in her eye;
Blyth Davie's blinks her heart did move
To speak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
And I shall follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass,
That dwelt on this burn-side,
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride;
Her cheeks were rosy, red, and white,
Her een were bonny blue;
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew,

As down the burn they took their way,
What tender tales they said!
His cheeks to her's they aft did lay,
And with her bosom play'd;
Till baith at length impatient grown,
To be mair fully blest,
In yonder vale they lean'd them down;
Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd I guess was harmless play,
And neath,ing sure unmeet;

For, gauging hame, I heard them say
They lik'd a wauk sae sweet;
And that they often shou'd return
Sic pleasure to renew.
Quoth Mary, Love, I like the bure,
And sy shall follow you.

HYMNS.